

cafés, their chairs and tables set out on the broad pavements of the Boulevards, were crowded with men and women, smoking, laughing and drinking,—a gay scene indeed. I must say it was pleasanter to watch this from the top of an omnibus than from such close quarters as the pavement, where we were marked at once as “strangers in a strange land.”

We noticed a great variety of street cries, some of them quite musical, others simply grotesque. “Voilà la Patrie,” the voice skimming lightly over the first four syllables, but pausing and descending the scale on the last, was startling enough when shouted close to our ear as we went hurrying along the dark, crowded streets at night.

Once or twice we accompanied Honorine to the market in the morning, to buy the provisions for the day, and there it was amusing to hear the remarks and retorts of buyers and sellers, who sometimes seemed to come pretty nearly to blows; however, on the whole, good humour was general. We were much struck by the neat appearance of the women, who, however poor they were, always contrived to look clean and were respectably dressed. We did not see any poor men who had no work to do, but there were plenty of men of the better class who seemed to have nothing better to do than to walk about the streets, not always behaving quite politely to passers-by. I do not think that in England and Scotland foreigners are so much noticed or remarked on in the streets as they are in Paris; at first it was rather an ordeal to go out because of this, but by degrees we got accustomed to it and did not mind it in the least.

At first we had great difficulty in finding our way about, the streets were so confusing and we used to apply to the “sergents de ville,” but as these very seldom directed us correctly we had to rely on our guide-book and what we possessed of common sense, and found that we got on much better.

On the whole, our stay in Paris was a very pleasant experience, quite novel and different from our life at home, and although I should not like to live there always, yet I hope to return some day to the gay city with its beautiful buildings and interesting people.

A BOY WITH A WRONG-WAY-ROUND BRAIN.

I AM teaching a little girl and boy, aged eight and six years respectively; she is in every way as sharp as a needle, but he is not, and often it is a hard job to get him to take in what you want; but once he does, it sticks there. He is very affectionate and devoted to his mother and little baby sister, but I am sorry to say he is very bad-tempered and easily offended. He used to throw himself on the floor and kick and scream if I told him to do anything and it was not just as he liked. Now he is much better, but I still see signs of it, especially when I return after holidays. In some ways he is a great baby, and cries for nothing; then, on the other hand, he is what I call a “regular little man,” fond of all kinds of sport, and very quick in remembering anything in connection with it. For instance, he often goes out shooting with his father and remembers exactly what happened when last they were at this or that place; too well sometimes, as he says, “Dad, this is the field where uncle Harry was the only one who shot anything,” and other remarks of this sort.

I give these few details to my readers, as I want them to know a little about the boy, so that they can perhaps better account for his peculiarity, which is this—that he does things the wrong way round.

I daresay many will say that is nothing unusual, I did the same; but did you also read and write backwards? It strikes me as being most peculiar, and I wonder if anything can be wrong with the brain. When first I taught — he was very bad in this way, but now perhaps for days he does everything perfectly; then comes a morning when all is the wrong way round. If he makes figures, each character is written from right to left. A word with letters, say “shed,” is D E H S, and often he cannot see what is wrong. On his bad mornings I very often have to make a figure myself to see which way it really goes,—it is most confusing when he keeps asking, “Is this the right way round?”

As soon as — gets the least bit tired he is worse and looks

very white, then I remember my student days' warning and change the lesson. He is a big and tall boy and very easily tires; his body seems too heavy for his legs, therefore he is kept off them as much as possible by driving and riding. He has a very big head; but I do not want you to think he is wanting in brain, because he is not by any means. This "wrong-way-roundedness" (excuse the expression) only shows itself in reading, writing, and figures.

I send this account to our Magazine because I thought perhaps I might get help and information as to the management of this peculiarity from others who may have met with the same thing. I must say it strikes me as being most extraordinary, and I should much like to know the reason of it.

E. D.

CRUELTY.

THE subject for discussion in this number of our Magazine is one which interests me very much. Not that I know much about it, for I do not profess to, but I have had opportunities of observing it, and it has often puzzled me. I have two boys to teach, and I think so-called cruelty is developed to a greater extent in boys than in girls. But I do not like to believe that any boy, the son of educated parents living in a refined home, can be guilty of real wanton cruelty. Neither of my pupils are by any means cruel boys; in fact they are generally very tender-hearted, but now and then they are guilty of little acts which astonish me, as being contrary to their usual characteristics. It is because they are contrary that I do not believe them to be wanton cruelty. For instance, I have several times had to remonstrate with one of the boys for ill-treating flies—pulling off their wings, etc. I have told him how cruel it is; how would he like to be treated so? "Not at all," was the answer, "but it is so funny to watch the fly!" Again, when he has been teasing his kitten (which I believe he really loves), his excuse is still, "It looks so funny struggling."

He has a keen sense of humour, and I suppose in such cases it predominates over his power of sympathy; the ridiculous position

appeals to him more than the pain the animal is suffering. But what convinces me that he has no intention of being cruel is that when his younger brother does the same kind of thing, he is most indignant with him, calls him a cruel boy,—he would never be so cruel, and so on.

There is another cause for this seeming cruelty, I think, and that is the feeling of superior strength and power; this is evident, too, from the way in which he treats his brother. The elder one is decidedly the stronger, and has more physical courage than the younger, and it is rather ridiculous to see how even a threatening attitude will scare away the latter. I suppose this is nothing more nor less than bullying, which is cruelty; but it seems hard to label such childish offences with these dreadful names; it is wrong, of course, and the child must know this; but it is not in this stage a heinous crime, it is but a wrong use of a noble power.

My younger pupil is not often guilty of any kind of boyish cruelty, only, as I said before, he occasionally teases cats and flies; but though he will do this yet, what seems very strange to me, he will weep if anyone pulls a flower to pieces or damages it in any way. In this case it seems as if his artistic sense were highly developed and that it is more painful to him to see any beauty destroyed than it is to see a creature suffering.

Those are but conjectures of mine as to the causes of a boy's seeming cruelty, and I should be only too glad if anyone will give me more definite ideas on the subject.

The writing of this very short paper has made me feel very much what good and useful powers there are in a child which are often used in a bad cause, and what great work lies before us teachers in endeavouring to turn them to a good account.

A. S. M.